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pense and trouble. A hunter is not disposed to take risks with his small store of shot, powder, and percussion caps, and, since a man does not like to return empty-handed, a hunting party is formed only when its organizer is reasonably certain of success. As in any collective undertaking, any man who wishes to may join a hunting party. However, most parties that I have observed consisted of blood brothers or other sibmates who habitually hunted together. Hunters, of necessity, have a strong feeling for teamwork. The Cubeo are excellent marksmen, cool and courageous.

The big game is the tapir (*wehú*), who is awaited at a salt lick near a small stream. The tapir follows a customary route to the salt lick, arriving quite late in the afternoon. He has worn a trail as deep as a ditch in the soft earth. Among the maze of these deep pathways fresh tracks and fresh dung are the signs of current use. A man who has seen fresh tracks reports it. The hunters go out to kill a particular tapir who has already been observed, so that they may speak of him in personal terms.

Communities differ in hunting customs. Some use dogs to chase the animal through the forest. The *Bahúkiwa* method, which seemed quite successful, was to rendezvous with the tapir at his salt lick. The Indians are fond of tapir flesh, which is tender and tasty. I participated in only one tapir hunt with the *Bahúkiwa*. A large female was killed, toward dusk, as she nibbled on salted earth. We camped nearby, spending a good part of the night eating spit-broiled steaks and cutting up the animal for transportation home. The limbs came as entire pieces, and the rest of the flesh was cut into strips and neatly packaged in palm leaves. The men were very gay. They amused themselves by inserting sticks into the tapir's vagina. As the animal had been killed in the territory of another sib we stopped at the sib house and, as is customary, gave away about half the meat. The *Bahúkiwa* hunters were pleased at the opportunity to display both generosity and evidence of success. The remainder of the flesh was distributed at the home sib, each hunter making a personal presentation of a portion of meat. The Cubeo utilize nothing but the flesh of the tapir.

Hunting, in summary, is a distinctive pursuit and marks one for prominence. An aspirant for the headmanship is ordinarily a hunter. He pleases the community because he enlivens the diet and has surrendered some of his leisure in its behalf. In a special category is the hunter of the dreaded jaguar. Such a man is interested in sport and in prestige. The jaguar hunter may be solitary or he may invite a few close friends to accompany him. He brings home the hide for a